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Miscellanea.

Not only in Ireland but wherever the scattered race of

The National Apostle and His Work.

the Gael has found a home, the festival of our National Apostle—St. Patrick—is kept each year with fervour, devotion and becoming solemnity. The

memory of the saint to whom Ireland is indebted for the priceless gift of Faith can never die. It has been perpetuated during the many centuries that have elapsed since, having fulfilled his Divine Mission, and established the church in this country, he was called to his reward exceeding great. The sacred deposit of Faith has been carefully guarded by the people of Ireland, and when sacrifice was needed they failed not to pay the price, and the seed of the Faith was nurtured in the blood of the martyrs. Whilst the thoughts of other nations were directed to extension of territory

and material prosperity, sometimes leading to the loss of Faith, Ireland was prepared to sacrifice everything in order to preserve the pearl of great price, ever remaining loyal and true to the teaching of St. Patrick. Spirituality strongly appealed to the Irish nature, so that our National Apostle was able to accomplish his great mission, and win the people's adhesion to our holy religion without that violent opposition and call for martyrdom which the ambassadors of Christ have had to face in other lands. Time has failed to dim the religious fervour of our people, indifferentism has never chilled the religious ardour of our race, proving the permanency and enduring nature of the apostolic work of our saint.

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The sixth and seventh centuries following the evangelisation of Ireland might well be called a Golden Age. The Gaelic race, enraptured with its newly-found possession, seemed to enjoy the vision of Thabor, and while the missionaries of the early Irish church found it good for them to live at home, yet they willingly left home and friends and country in order to diffuse the Gospel light in other lands. Without scrip or staff they went forth among European peoples and planted the Cross wherever their footsteps strayed. Their spirit was the spirit of the Catholic Church. They spoke the same language of Christian charity as that which was voiced by the Apostles who received their commission to preach the Gospel to every creature, from the Divine Founder of the Church Himself, established monasteries and substantially contributed to the advancement of European culture.

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Irish schools became so famous that scholars from other lands flocked to this country in order to place themselves under the tutelage of the eminent professors of those days, so that Ireland became known as "the Island of Saints and Doctors." The greatness of Ireland thus grew under the fostering influence of Christianity, the land became studded with churches, monasteries, convents and centres of learning, and the fair land of Erin rejoiced in its grand spiritual life which purified and ennobled a race richly gifted by nature.

On the feast of St. Patrick this year before the altars the prayers of Ireland's children will ascend to the National Apostle. The voice of our petition will plead with him that he may continue his protecting influence over the destinies of our nation; that we may ever prove true to our holy Faith, that he may defend us against the corroding influences of materialism and irreligion, and help us to banish from our midst everything calculated to sully our fair fame, and win for us those rights to which we have a just and undoubted claim. Knowing the love which the saint bears towards this land, on his feast day our fears will be dispelled and our hopes vivified and strengthened, believing that in his hands our future destiny is safe and that the cause of Faith and Fatherland will triumph.

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THE long-drawn-out agitation conducted by the Irish National Teachers, for the redress of undoubtedly many and serious grievances, continues with undiminished vigour and

persistency. This educational impediment is rapidly merging into one of national importance as evinced by the All-Ireland deputation ready to meet the Chief Secretary. The issue is clear-cut, and an almost unanimous demand rings forth from Hierarchy and public, managers and teachers, for the withdrawal of the educational White Paper in which the method and conditions of allocating the £384,000 already passed by Parliament for Irish primary education are set out. Apart altogether from the insufficiency of this grant, the main objections to the White Paper are—(1) Proposed method of distribution; (2) retention of averages and grading; (3) lack of uniformity in methods of inspection. These limitations compel the teachers to refuse the grant despite the intensity of the stress and strain trying to exist on salaries altogether insufficient in normal times. They make the helpful suggestion that, as this present financial year is drawing to a close, the money now available ought to be divided equally among principals and assistants after certain specified deductions are made for the benefits of inspectors, organisers, pensioners, conductors and teachers of convent schools, and junior assistants. This plan, allowing

about £23 per head, has the hearty approval of ninety-eight per cent. of Irish national teachers, and would have the additional advantage of giving time for the setting up of a Committee of representative Commissioners, managers, teachers, and others—similar to the Craik Committee in Scotland—to draft a scheme acceptable to all concerned. The hopes of withdrawal of this White Paper are much strengthened by the great weight of keenly interested Irish public opinion, and by recent changes made in the original scheme, e.g., the expansion of the £384,000 which the Resident Commissioner now thinks will reach £500,000 before many years; the monthly payment of the Birrell grant hitherto paid annually in arrear; a bonus of £5 to £10 to certain teachers. The bonuses, recently raised from 4/- to 8/- and from 3/- to 6/- per week for those limited to special salaries, fell so very far behind the Civil Service lines that grave disappointment was caused.

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The conductors of convent schools paid by capitation will, according to the White Paper, receive an extra ten shillings per unit of the yearly average attendance, and consequently they must raise the salaries of lay assistants from £40 to £44 per annum given at present, to £64 under the new scheme. The convent schools, however, and the junior assistants will get no part of the increased war bonus, though they must do work similar to that done in the ordinary national schools. It is to be hoped that a better spirit will prevail and that the additional bonus will be granted to both convent teachers and junior assistants. If a war bonus on Civil Service lines had originally supplemented an acceptable allocation of the £384,000, very little, if anything, would have been heard of the present determined agitation which, it is hoped, foreshadows the withdrawal of the obnoxious White Paper. It is not yet too late to substitute diplomacy for the obstinacy which clearly marks the continuance of an educational policy distasteful to the Irish people.

The Problem of Evil.

By P. J. VESEY, B.A., B.C.L.

WE cannot in this life solve the riddles of Eternity, nor can we bridge the abyss that separates the finite from the Infinite. Human intelligence may, in diffidence or arrogance, try to penetrate the veil of Eternity, but there comes inevitably a moment when it must either humbly acknowledge its own limitations or, making a God of self, drift into hopeless scepticism.

This is precisely the state of affairs when we consider the attributes of God and His relations to the world. Back of the world, distinct from any yet permeating it, is the Power that brought it into and conserves it in existence. That Power is a Personal Omnipotent and Omniscient God who radiates Universal Laws. Thus far we tread on safe ground, but when we begin to feel that progress is wholly satisfactory we suddenly come full tilt against the blind side of a cul de sac.

Wherefore if an Omnipotent, All-Merciful God guides and controls the universe does He allow so much evil in creation?

Either He cannot or He will not obviate it.

Why, for example, do so many seeds frustrate the purpose of the sower? Why are the fairest flowers blasted and broken by treacherous winds? Why is even man himself to such an extent the sport of circumstances? What of—

“Brow-furrowed old age, youth's hollow cheek—

Diseased in body, sick in soul,

Pinched poverty, satiate wealth—your whole array of despairs?”

And what finally of all the moral wickedness and vice that stalks abroad naked and unashamed?

Such is the problem which has loomed large on the horizon of thinking men, from Poe to Robert Browning: the Problem of Evil. And the attempts at solution have been as diversified as their authors. (Tot homines quot sententiae). Let us glance en passant at one of the most primitive and popular—that of the

Ancient Persians. These latter adopted a line of solution so simple as to be obviously fallacious. The universe for them was ruled by two Principles—the one the source of all good, the other of all evil. Between these two raged a never-ending conflict for supremacy, and men were buffeted about as pawns in the game.

This theory was subsequently adopted and re-fashioned by one of the most formidable of the early heretical sects—the Manichaeans. It sports unwittingly a tinselled vesture of truth: but when denuded of that it has little to recommend it.

That garb of truth is wrought from the fact admitted even in our theology that consequent on the primeval fall of Adam the devil acquired a more extensive influence over men, and very many of the evils we observe around us may be placed to his account.

And here we touch the first link in the chain of the Catholic attempt to solve the problem. We say attempt advisedly, because we must premise our remarks by frankly confessing that no adequate explanation is forthcoming. However, very many reasons may be alleged which, if not ultimate, at least furnish some sort of apology for the existence of evil.

In the first place, then, we point to the tragic fact of original sin. Man was placed on this earth endowed with natural and preternatural gifts. Inferior creation rendered him a ready and submissive obedience. The earth spontaneously flowed with milk and honey. Then came the great debacle. Man contravened the solitary command of Jehovah. Forthwith he was despoiled of his great prerogatives.

“In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread” was whispered in his ear, and as if to climax the sentence and accentuate the punishment, the earth from which he was to draw sustenance was bidden to bring forth thorns and thistles.

Thus went forth the fiat of the Almighty laying fuse to a mine, the reverberations of which are still rumbling down the centuries, and shall rumble to the crack of doom. And because of this same “faux pas” man has been deprived of so many extra helps and graces to stimulate his free will in the right direction as to bring the existence of unmeasured moral evil well

within the bounds of probability. All this proves at least that the existence of evil physical and moral is to some extent due to man's wilful perversion, and, therefore not incompatible with God's Infinite Goodness.

But many other considerations may be adduced to the same effect.

Man, with his peculiar composition, may shrink involuntarily from evil, but it is still an admitted fact that it is in the presence of evil the dormant good in man, all that is best and noblest in his character, is called into play.

“What were life

Did soul stand still therein, forego her strife
Through the ambiguous present to the goal
Of some all-reconciling future?”

St. Augustine pertinently remarks that the cruelty of tyrants brings forth into bold relief the patience and constancy of the martyrs. And the same profound thinker furnishes us with another apropos consideration when he says that we cannot have a beautiful painting unless light and shade are subtly blended, thereby suggesting that the evil in the world is very often the foil to the good.

In pursuance of this line of thought we may go a step further and ask whether it may not happen that many of the things we consider as evil are not such in reality. The Problem of Evil is certainly grave enough without any accentuation, and yet there is a marked tendency to exaggerate it. To the pessimist, then, who sees evil in everything our message would be:

“You do not know and cannot know whether they are evils or not. Your knowledge remains at the surface of things. You cannot fit them into their proper perspective or pronounce upon their true purpose or character; for you see only a small arc of the complete circle. Wait till you see more and in the meantime hope.”

With hope as our guiding star we pass to the final consideration in our exposition of this problem. Taking our stand on the frank admission that the existence of evil cannot be wholly explained away by any mere human theory, no matter how plausible, we break at once from worldly speculation and point

beyond the bourne of the Great Unknown for the ultimate explanation of the difficulty.

It is a Catholic dogma that at some time in the dim vista of futurity there shall be a great foregathering of the Clans of God before His tribunal. Then and only then can we assign to evil its due proportion in the scheme of things. Then shall the paradox which exercised the mind of Job be shorn of its garb of mystery, for the temporal felicity of the wicked and the tribulation (according to human standards) of the good shall be weighed into congruous proportions in the balance of the Deity.

Then shall appear the now obscure ramifications of Providence and men can estimate that many things they were wont to unduly emphasize as evil were blessings in disguise.

In a word, it is only in the Divine Mind where all the threads are gathered together into the warp and woof of the pattern according to which this universe was fashioned that we can hope to see the final and fitting solution of the enigma we have propounded.

Meanwhile we recommend, with Browning, as a practical maxim in the philosophy of life:

"Take the joys and bear the sorrows—neither with extreme concern;

Living here means nescience simply: 'tis next life that helps to learn."

The Kites.

I saw three ruddy children run
Before a shouting wind, to fly
Bright, fragile kites against the sun—
And theirs was the wind's ecstasy:

We, who put forth as light a thing
Upon the world, life as sweet
As wind, and strong as sun would bring—
But all's blown back about our feet.

an pñibñ.



The Return from Calvary.

Tilted upon Golgotha's brow,
The Cross of Christ, the Crucified,
Between the other two is yet.
But the dead Victim lieth now
In the Sepulchre, and outside
The seal is placed, and the guard set.

Who loved Him much have looked their last
Upon the Master's bruised face
And turned them from the Holy Tomb.
Treading old ways that He hath passed,
They go together toward the place
Where is the Sorrowful Mother's room.

Above Jerusalem the skies
Are dark with ruddy-crested clouds,
Furrowed and broken like a sea;
Beneath them the hushed city lies
Wrapped within twisted shadow-shrouds,
And wet with the Blood of Sanctity.

P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY.

Newman's Influence on Catholic Revival.*

By URBAN YOUNG, C.P.

THEN, again, there is the magic of Newman's style. The formula "Art for Art's sake" would have been abhorrent in the extreme to him. He was a passionate lover of truth, and to express the truth as he knew it, and to do so exactly, these things were infinitely dearer to his heart than grace of style. It was this determination to be true to his exact thought at all costs that produced the "*curiosa felicitas*," the careful fitting of word to thought in every line that Newman wrote. At times involved and subtle, his style is so only because his thought would seem to require it. At all costs he must make his meaning clear, at least to his own satisfaction. As a great French critic puts it, he had a horror of the "*a peu près*." Some have said that he was wanting in imagination, but passage after passage of imaginative power are strewn across his pages—e.g., the invocation in the famous sermon on the "Second Spring" to England's Saints of old as he views them in spirit coming again to the land that once was Mary's Dower. Who that has read them can forget such passages as the closing paragraph of the "Development"—or the finely worked out parallels in the same volume between the Church of the Fathers, of Altanasius and Augustine and Gregory and the Catholic Church of to-day? or the passages on music scattered up and down in his works? or the description of the Ideal Catholic Layman in the "Present Position of Catholics"? or the great passage on the Church beginning: "There is but one form of Christianity which," etc., in the volume of "Sermons to Mixed Congregations," and a host of other passages. Whatever he touched he adorned. To write a spiritual autobiography is a proverbially difficult task. Newman grappled with the problem and solved it. The

* The opening pages of this article appeared in the February number of "The Cross."

"Apologia" alone would suffice to place him in the front rank of our writers. Read by everybody when it appeared in monthly parts, by soldiers and sailors, University dons and business clerks, scholars and schoolboys—it still holds, unchallenged, the first place among spiritual biographies, a human document of the first order. Newman, then, was read when others were not, and here, we think, is another and important aspect of his influence on the Catholic movement.

Then, too, we must not forget his influence as religious philosopher. When we study the movement that stirred the "dry bones" of Oxford from 1832 onward, and made them live with Catholic life, we discover a fundamental difference between Newman and the other leaders. Their mind, their modes of thought, their outlook, was essentially Anglican and remained so. You have the spirit crystallized in Keble's "Christian Fear," pervaded, as it is, by a tone of gentle and restrained piety very different from the raptured outpourings that came so naturally from the lips of a Catholic saint. But Newman was different. On June 16th, becalmed in the Mediterranean, he took pen in hand and wrote the great—now, alas, sadly hackneyed—poem, the "Pillar of the Cloud." But the first line, "Lead, Kindly Light," might well have been written by him at any time in the previous thirty years, and indeed it was typical of him to the end. He was always a seeker, a traveller. "Tendimus in Latium" almost sums up his life-story. An Evangelical at the beginning, he passed through a phase of religious Liberalism to be the acknowledged leader in the university of a school of writers and thinkers whose logical goal was Rome. Once inside the Church it is true that he "had no further history of his religious opinions to relate," for "opinions" and conviction had now been transformed into the certainty of faith. Yet of Newman specially the words are true that in this life we "see now through a glass in a dark manner; but then face to face." No one felt more keenly than he the limitations of human thought and endeavour in the mysterious realm of religion and man's relation to the Infinite.

And so Newman appealed to the man of his age as the greatest champion of the Catholic solution of life's

enigma. He was a traveller, and so was his century. As ships break from their moorings so his contemporaries had cut themselves adrift from time-worn habits of thought. It was an age of "movements." He lived and wrote in a time which saw the most daring outbreaks of rationalism in Germany, the "Higher Criticism" movement in Germany and England, and the growth of the Broad Church side by side with the Catholic party in the Church of England. In literature, too, the changes had been great. The versifiers of the eighteenth century had given place to the Romantic, and the Lake School typified by Wordsworth. And to these the picturesque, the artistic side of the Church, had its powerful appeal. Now, there were two things in Newman and his philosophic outlook which were and are well calculated to gain a sympathetic hearing from the man of his day and ours. First, there was his intense subjectivity, as it is called. For Newman, the man, the individual, and all the complex powers that go to make up the individual, are supreme in their interest. He had not much love for the dry syllogism, nor for the mere "logician" viewed as a means for the conversion of souls to Catholic Truth. "Non in dialectica"—"not in nor by dialectics alone . . . has it pleased God to save His people," is a passage from St. Ambrose to be found on the title page of the "Grammar of Assent." "The heart has its reasons" is a French saying illustrated in many a page of Newman. Not that his own hold on objective truth was feeble; far from it. His faith was strong as the nobly endured storm and stress of his Catholic life triumphantly proves. Only, in describing and explaining the avenue to ultimate religious faith he lays more than common stress on the part played by the subjective element, the peculiarities, powers and weaknesses of the individual seeker after Truth. These, he insists, must be taken into account, more than perhaps they have been, if a complete analysis of the steps to the ultimate act of faith is to be given.

Finally, Newman laid down a principle which we see verified more and more in the cultured non-Catholic of to-day. How frequently we meet people who say: "It's either your Church or nothing, for me." We are reminded at once of Newman's dictum

in the "Apologia"—"there is no medium in true philosophy between Atheism and Catholicity." In his day we see the forces marshalled for the final conflict between Catholicism and unbelief. Newman's keen mind foresaw this, and in the philosophic order of things pointed out that "a perfectly consistent mind, under those circumstances in which it finds itself here below must embrace either the one or the other." Of course, as he notes elsewhere, "the multitude of men indeed are not consistent, logical, or thorough; they obey no law in the course of their religious views." Still, his principle remains unshaken and every year finds it more widely accepted.

The subject dealt with in these pages is a great one, and a volume would be required to handle it adequately. We have only tried to give a few impressions and sketches; an outline to be filled in by each Newman-lover in his own way. In Wilfrid Ward's volumes we now have the authoritative "Life of Newman." As we turn its pages a remark by a friend comes to our remembrance: "I have lost an angel but gained a man." Yes—that is it. Newman was intensely human. Through struggle and trial, storm and stress of every kind, he passed "from shadows and images into the Truth." But amid all the sorrows of later years he had the consolation of seeing a steady stream of converts to Catholic Truth who owed it almost entirely to Newman that they could at last say to their true Mother the Church:—

"Except in thee I find no resting place;
Except in thee I find no help from sin;
Beauteous thou art without, beauteous within,
Mistress of virtue, channel of all grace.

I turned, self-willed, to walk in pathways drear,
Now dark, now led by gleams, and yet the while
I climbed unknowing; all at once is clear,
My mother greets me with her gentle smile;
"I watched thee long, my son, I bade thee come;
Here is thy rest, and here thine only home."

The Fishers.

Lo! at St. Enda's Cross by Celtic hands
reared on the steep and sea-commanding hill,
the measurer of centuries, it stands
for ever by the Lord God's gracious will.

Lo! at St. Enda's Cross that fronts the foam
upon the heights the fisher folk are kneeling.
An antique custom this when leaving home.
And overhead the raucous gulls are wheeling.

And holy Mass begins, the quiet scene,
deep sky, grey sea, the murmur of the wave,
tremendous and the words that intervene
(between the silences) that bless and save.

And what the thought of each one as he prays?
with head low bowed before the holy Shrine,
who bends the eyes in quaint and old world ways
and quiet rapture on the bread and wine.

Vested and Stoled, the venerable priest
the Host hath raised and now prepares to give
the greatest of God's gifts and yet the least
that man receives from God if he would live.

And hark! that sound upon the morning air
the solemn sound dwells lovingly and long,
hymn of thanksgiving, one that speaketh fair
for those who eat the White Bread of the strong.

Oh wonderful! And hark the tinkling bell,
and at the sound each loving hand takes hold
of his or her brown rosarie to tell
those mysteries for ever new yet old.

And now 'tis o'er. The blessing bestowed is, and
the fishers gone. Down in the little bay,
behold them shove their curraghs from the land
and steer out through the western gates away.

And last of all and lingering, loth to go
the soggarth watches, till the curraghs fade
away in the immensity below
dissolving in the vast and azure shade.

And now a broken shaft of coloured rain
stands on the deep and even gently falls
Softly oh! softly!
the footfall of a ghostly wind that calls
pacing the old moon's seamed and crumbling walls,
and Silence and Night and Sleep resume their reign
save for the vast Atlantic roller swelling
a long league off the deep-mouthed bell-buoy knelling
softly, oh! softly.

P. F. LITTLE.

The Crane.

COLUMCILLE came from the choir-postern about the close
of vespers. The air struck cool, with an infinity of
savour. He passed among spray-soaked sea-pink to
where yellow samphire crowned low cliffs with colour;
overhead, white, wailing sea-swallows flickered and flashed;
vast clots of cloud grew out of the south, shot through and
through with sun. An exhilaration of peace was in his heart:
as he but now intoned Magnificat, it came to him that Coola-
drummon was forgiven him, that flying darkness of the sky, the
clans crying amid the waste of whins.

Something stirred oversea, southward; for long, he saw it but
as a speck, rising and falling, wavering in the sea-wind. Yet
awhile, and it grew to be a crane, labouring to the island, to fall,
spreading shattered feathers about the feet of Columcille. He
bent down above the bird, whose breast beat slowly; an infinite
pity shook him, who but saw in this broken pilgrim his bitter
passion of exile reborn. Gathering the torn wings to his heart,
he turned, crossing the cobbled cloister-garth to the refectory.
The community sang Compline; the room stood empty. Laying
the crane where the many-coloured flames from the driftwood
danced, he went to fetch water in a wooden bowl. Crossing
the lintel, there came a stir and sigh behind him. He turned
him about; there lay no heron by the hearth-stone. There was
but a most ancient man, with body like a wind-spun, sun-dried
leaf, hair and beard as the lichen on a blighted crab-tree.

Columcille made a great cross in the air. "In the name of
Christ," he began; but the wraith screamed, and the sound was
as the cry of a hare, when the hounds take her. But when he
spoke, it came as a wind shrilling among heath.

"Have pity upon me, who have not rested since the shadow
of that name fell upon my door-stone: who shall not know quiet
until all sound has died into the last silence. Listen thou, ere
I be changed, for that name compels me. For behold, long
hence, I am come out of a country close unto the sun; whom,
while yet a child, a divine desire consumed; driving me in
manhood to seek the imperishable in perishable things, questing
among wheeling stars for impassable beauty. Day and night, I
strove to lay hands upon a mystery which my soul cried upon,
and which ceaselessly called upon my soul; awhile, it flashed
up out of a human face; anon, it all but shone revealed from
the written page: it brooded in the aether about sundown, or
at the dawn. But I attained not to it, and my soul ached.

"Now the people of that city wherein I dwelt, ruled not them-
selves, but were ruled. And the governor thereof was to me as
a true friend, together with her whom he had to wife; whose
soul was even as my own, ever seeking but unsatisfied. There

came a new star of a sudden upon the night-sky, and men wondered, but the star set, and was no more; but the mind of that woman dwelt much upon it, being moved. And it happened, many years later, that upon a night of spring I supped with the governor, and after, sitting late into the dawn, pondering philosophy. But with the day-star came his wife, new-waked from sleep, and troubled, saying to us that she had dreamed a dream, wherein all things were changed, and amid the new, one walked, whose face was as that of a leader of rabble and rout, who but that day stood condemned by the governor; whom she prayed, that he moved no more against the man. But he laughed, bidding her put away all fear; and we parted.

"But I, returning thence into my dwelling, slept not; seeking ever among learned writers. For it came to me that some consummation was presently to be, that even now I ran close upon the truth. And the day deepened. Then grew from afar a tumult throughout the city, drawing close, even to the doors, whereabout it dwelled. Whereupon, in anger, I went down; there was without but a most vile mob, with much of soldiery, and a malefactor upon my threshold; who raised eyes that had but as one thought therein, whose prayer was—Rest. But being overwrought with study, and wroth that I be disturbed, I bade drag him thence: and it was done. And behold, when I would to study again, there came a weakness upon me, and a great darkness upon the shaking world, with much else of horror; so that I swooned, hearing as it were a voice in heaven: 'Ahasuerus, Ahasuerus, I am whom thou hast sought from the womb! But before the womb have I sought thee: but because thou would'st not that I should abide by thee, behold thou art made unquiet for ever!' Then my soul went forth as a raven, to hover about His head until those who had received Him in life, lowered His body from the tree. From thence I have been many shapes, knowing no rest but when one receives me in pity for a space."

"Our pity is but a little thing, beside that of Him Whom thou dravest," cried Columcille. "Thou shalt outwear this curse: hearken—even now is He lifted up again, He Himself lifting up His wounded hands, that we rest this night within His peace!"

There fell three clear, sweet strokes of a close-by bell; at choir, they took the Host from the hanging pyx high above the altar, for the Benediction. As the last note sounded there came a quick mist before the eyes of Columcille, so that he caught himself, as one coming out of sleep. He was alone in the empty refectory; from the door there was but the sea-pink, samphire and cliffs. Overhead, dark against the cloud-cluster, a single starling shot, upon half-shut wings, far into the flushing south.

an pilibín.

Visions.

By THOMAS KELLY.

I PASSED along a lonely road on an evening some time back. The earth was held in the grip of a frost relentless and all-pervading. Behind a distant hill the sun was slowly sinking in a gorgeous blaze of golden glory. Apart from the dazzling sunset, the country around was bleak, unromantic. Over a rickety wooden gate an old man leaned—an old man whose gaze seemed to linger on things afar off. Abstractedly he gave me greeting, and then pointed to the West.

"I often think," he half-mused, half-informed me, "that it's a pity they teach the children at school that the sun's so far away from us. Isn't it a grand thing to think that it's just at the back of Tubberdangan hill there beyond, and that it's all made of gold and brightness? If I had my way I wouldn't undeceive youngsters so early—they'll find out time enough for themselves. I mind me of one ladeen, and he cried to break his heart when he heard that no matter how fast he ran he could never be in time to see where the rainbow rested on the ground. Sometimes I think the world'd be a better place if them Professors that study the sky weren't half so exact in their measurements and their calculations. No one under forty should know how far away from us the sun is. . . ."

Somehow, as I moved slowly away, leaving the patriarch to his musings and his regrets, I could not help thinking of that observation of Meredith's: "If we let romance go," said the novelist, "we exchange a sky for a ceiling." That old man was a Meredith in his own way—in his concern for the youngsters whose sky was so early and so relentlessly blurred out by the cold ceiling of practical truths.

And now I am aware that the stern fingers of many practical people are being pointed at me. "We know the skies you're thinking about," comment these realistic and matter-of-fact folk. "You've been thinking of these tinkers beloved of Synge, who talk of 'The shining sun, and the soft wind blowing in the glens'; of 'The great glory does be in the East when the sun is rising, and you lying snug in a fine, dry ditch, with the high sky of Heaven for a roof over your head'; and of 'The fine nights a man can be passing with no roof to stop him from counting the stars till the dawn is in it.' Ah, we know it's the reading of that kind of thing put these thoughts of skies into your head!" Well, I don't know that it was! The dramatist allowed his desire for putting smoothly-running phrases on the tongues of his poetic peasants to carry him so far away from actual life that the modicum of realism with which he started

out became hopelessly snowed-under by his orgy of fanciful and ultra-idealistic imaginings. So, when I plead for a retention of the sky, mine is not the sense in which the ragged tramp declares how much better is life under the open canopy of the heavens than beneath the comfortable roof-tree of the orthodox dweller—rather do I plead that the possession of snug roofs need not blind us to the existence of skies which glisten for a moment, and anon are gloomy. In any case, Synge's tinkers do not worry about the clouds—that would never do! But, in our philosophy, we do not forget their existence, only we do not let that blind us to the fact that the sky is always there.

We are usually too practical in dealing with the affairs of life which are only details—too airy in our wrestlings with the items that really matter. We are dreamers where we should be practical, and often cannot see that there is room for a little visionary wanderings in directions where to our stolid gaze all is gloom and of dreary portent.

Years ago, it was my privilege to read the manuscript of a delightful little sketch by a writer who is now steadily pushing her way towards fame. The average reader—if there is such a person—would have seen little in the sketch. It was chiefly a graphic description of a house in a London slum—a dwelling wherein a drunken husband and a nagging wife dragged along a sordid existence which was shared by a tiny daughter. Into the dull tenement room on a summer morning comes—what? A gaudy butterfly! Immediately the child has eyes for nothing else. She gazes almost entranced at the vision, eyes glued on the lovely hues of the delicately-tinted wings, following every movement of the uncertain visitant. And, after a little, the butterfly goes out the door, out into the foetid air of the dismal street. The half-entranced youngster follows, follows in despair of losing the one gleam of brightness which had ever come into her drab life. Then the butterfly ascends—up and still up—leaving the wondering mite to speculate as to what it was that attracted anything bright and lovely heavenwards. Another unknowing soul left in wonderment by the mystery of the sky.

It is a maxim with artistic folk that the artist who has accomplished something which satisfies himself has not done anything very wonderful. Conception of the ideal to be striven for and the full achievement of the necessary labour to fulfil the end which the vision of the artist has foreseen are rarely within the province of any one mortal. The greatest man was never satisfied with his greatest work. It always falls below his original conception. And why? Because he was a visionary, and visionaries can never hope to accomplish all that they can dream about. But, the man who does not do great things in fancy will probably never succeed in achieving anything more than paltry deeds in fact. If achievement comes up to expectation, then the expectation must not have been great. And, after all, is it not better to set out, with hope high-flying, to achieve even a moderate success, than to shuffle along in the

unimaginative groove and bring forward results which satisfy your modest self if they do not please anybody else? Who is it that speaks of the glory of a brilliant failure?

I did not set out to defend all visionaries. To my mind, two species of day-dreams are justifiable. The first is the visionary goal of the artist and all the fanciful byways which lead to it, and the second includes all these types of visions which may be regarded as legitimately lifting prosaic folk for a spell from the dull shadow of their drab lives. I do not hold with useless repinings, with these flaccid after-visions of the might-have-beens. "There are no might-have-beens," says John Oliver Hobbes. "There is what has been, what is; to regret lost possibilities and anticipate probabilities is the vice of dreamers." But, this is going a little too far. Time and again have all of us reason to regret lost possibilities. We know that we could have done better—and the region of dreamy vicedom can hardly be reached till we begin to think to ourselves that if such-and-such a contingency had not arisen, and we could have only known beforehand that it would not arise, then we might have acted differently. But where it is a clear issue of right and wrong, of better and worse, then there can be no question of want of wisdom if after-time reflections show us the error of our ways and beget a sense of regret for lost opportunity. To condemn all repining is the fault of one who wildly generalises from one particular instance. For, after all, if time brings experience it should also bring wisdom, and even the wisest of us must feel sorry now and again that he was not wiser at some earlier epoch in his career.

Of quite a different type is Charles Lamb when he indulges in visions as to the might-have-beens. The gentle old bachelor thus writes in his Essay on "Dream-Children":—"Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when they were children: to stretch their imaginations to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field. . . . Here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave, it desisted. . . . When suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance. . . ." The author of the now classic Essays of Elia was a lonely old man, but he pictured what might have been an incident of his family life, had his dream-children been realities. It is so artistically done that the one unacquainted with the writer or his life experiences something akin to keen disappointment on realising that the essayist was but letting his imagination run away with him in the gloaming.

"Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." And, is it not as it should be? For, though the young men may not realise their visions in their entirety, the chances are that they will have done better than if the encouraging fancy of roseate dreams had not lured them on to effort after effort. I think it was a cynic who declared that what a young man sees in his visions he hopes to accomplish—but doesn't: and what an old man sees in his dreams he also had expected to achieve—and likewise didn't. How true was the man who declared that the cynic tribe knew the price of everything and the value of nothing?

After all, are not most of us pursuing visions all through life? Visions of home, fame, and what not—to be merged in the Greater Vision of the Hereafter. Well may we occasionally ask ourselves, after the manner of Bret Harte's "Truthful James":—

"Do I sleep? Do I dream?
Do I wander and doubt?
Are things what they seem?
Or is visions about?"

And often those who imagine themselves more than ordinarily hard-headed are merely regarded as being so because they are keenly concentrating all their energies on the attainment of some goal or other—more often than not a purely imaginary one. To take an example:—Who can say what precisely will be the effect on himself of the acquisition of a position in life which gives him absolute leisure to do as he pleases?

It is very easy to blame the visionary, but without a little day-dreaming many folk would not do even the little they accomplish. No doubt it is foolish to while away one's days in dreaming, but, to my mind, it is equally foolish to fancy that all our dreams should take place at night. Let us have our little visions—even though many of them come to naught.



In the Days of the Wild Geese.

A Tale of Sarsfield's Times.

By GREGORY BARR, Author of "Retribution," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

INTO EXILE.

AT this very hour Sir Fergus was listening to Darby's account of his adventures during the previous night.

"I got through the tunnel unbeknownt an' was gettin' into the castle about twelve o'clock whin they wor all a-bed—so I let go a screech an' began a caoine fit to drive the very divil away.

"I'd the white sheet on me all right, an' the stuff you gev' me was lightin' up grand an' blue. They wor all too frightened to stir. I banged the Major's dure open an' thin made for the vaults as fast as me legs 'ud carry me.

"The Major, he ups an' follys me, but I jumped down the trap-dure an' had it fastened in a jiffy."

Sir Fergus laughed heartily. "All is fair in love and war. Had I not employed this little stratagem to dislodge our friend, the Major, there would be deadly bloodshed; for he would never peacefully resign his possession of the O'Driscoll property."

"An' the Rapparees, yer honour, if they didn't lead the sodgers a witch's dance, me name's not Darby Finerty."

"See that a very good dinner is laid for them in the barn this evening. Major Krag will sleep and dine here, and when he has retired I shall visit our friends in the barn."

All fell out exactly as had been planned. The Major ate a capital dinner, washed down by copious draughts of fine old port, to which Darby generously helped him.

After dinner when the Major became confidential he related his experience of the previous night, and asked his host what could it mean.

"Darby could answer that better than I," replied MacVeagh, with a gleam of humour in his eye. "Tell us, Darby."

"Sure, what wud it be, yer honour, but the banshee; the O'Driscoll allus had a very powerful wan."

"That will do, my man, I want to speak to your master," the Major said. "You may withdraw."

"Remain near in case you should be wanted," subjoined his master.

The Major quaffed another deep draught, and putting down the glass, he said: "By jove, this is nectar for the gods. I tell you what, old fellow, I'll swap that confounded old castle, hobgoblins and all, for a few dozen of this fine old port."

"And what worthy refreshment could I offer my friends if I part with my wine? They could not drink the stones of Castle Mor," laughed Sir Fergus, not wishing to seem too eager to make a bargain.

"Oh, come! We fought together under William's green flag—you can, if you wish, sack a cellar of the rebels and you will have plenty of wine—say you agree to my offer."

Were it not to secure the castle for its rightful owner, MacVeagh's high sense of honour would have prevented him from accepting an offer made under the delusion that the castle was haunted. Again, the O'Driscoll property had been already transferred from Major Krag, though he knew it not. So Sir Fergus replied:

"Well, to oblige a comrade, I suppose I must yield. I shall give you eighty sovereigns and a barrel of my best port, that will compensate you."

"An agreement! my hand on it," cried out the Major.

Sir Fergus touched the bell. Darby appeared with alacrity.

"Darby, bring my writing materials," said Sir Fergus, who forthwith wrote the agreement in a few words. The Major signed it and Darby witnessed it.

After the Major had retired to rest, Sir Fergus went to visit his guests in the barn.

Sean Rua was at the head of the table, at which a number of Rapparees were seated. All rose and cheered when the Baronet entered. He made a sign to silence them.

"Take care, lads! if you waken the Major we may have trouble."

"We must drink your honour's health, at all events," said Sean.

When this was done, Sir Fergus called Sean aside and handed him a well-filled purse, which the Rapparee declined, saying he would never accept money from one who had saved his life. Then Sir Fergus, handing him a ring, said: "You will at least accept this ring, and distribute the contents of the purse among your companions. By means of their harmless mimicry they have preserved this valley from further strife."

Then, addressing the men, he added: "You can all now return, but you must contrive to reach home unnoticed by the soldiers." The men laughed, threw something over their heads, and in a trice were transformed into goblins.

After breakfast the following morning, Sir Fergus offered the Major twenty additional sovereigns and a second barrel of wine if he would at once withdraw his men from Killarney. This fell in with the Major's own views; so, before nightfall not a red-coat was visible.

Next day Darby brought a letter to Madame O'Driscoll inviting her and her two sons to Torc Fort, where they could remain for a short time without danger. Lady MacVeagh and her only

daughter, a child of thirteen, were in England, and the only son of the house was a student in Trinity College, so the privacy of the afflicted family was assured.

Madame was anxious to go to France, where she had spent some years of her girlhood, and where she had been on terms of intimacy with the *haute noblesse*.

Sir Fergus, accompanied by Darby, went carefully through Castle Mor and brought to Madame not only all her jewellery and valuables, but also the documents contained in its archives. These, with Madame's consent, he carefully concealed, placing with them the deed signed by William of Orange, assigning the estates of Castle Mor to him and his descendants.

"I swear, Madame, that I shall keep these estates in trust for your children; and if the end of the war is unfavourable to your cause—I charge *my* descendants to keep these estates in trust for *yours*, knowing that my late friend, your lamented husband, would have done likewise for me."

Madame and her children, with tears in their eyes, thanked the noble-minded Baronet.

Meanwhile the Prince of Orange had been beaten at Limerick. On Wednesday, the 27th August, the final assault had been made. There was a huge breach in the walls through which ten thousand men were to force an entrance.

Unknown to the besiegers, de Boisseleau had caused an intrenchment to be made inside the breach and guns to be there mounted: thence a cross-fire opened with murderous effect; assailants were literally mown down and fell back. William, watching all from Cromwell's Fort, again and again ordered reinforcements up. Scaling ladders were applied to the walls, and, numbers prevailing, the enemy effected an entrance.

But William had not counted with the civilians—butchers with axes, carpenters with saws, even women with bricks and broken bottles which they flung in the faces of the attacking party—all, aided the regular troops in repelling the hated foe. The cavalry, from the Thomond side of the river, joined in the *mêlée*, with the result that the enemy was driven forth. William would not yield. He directed the Brandenburgers to rush an apparently weak spot in the defences. They got safely over in immense numbers, when, lo!—a roar of thunder was heard and the ground opened beneath their feet—it had been mined.

After having witnessed this hecatomb, nothing could induce the Prince's soldiers to advance again upon the heroic city. William was forced to raise the siege, and he returned to England in disgust.

The good news spread like wildfire.

On hearing it, Madame determined to go to Limerick with her two sons. The late O'Driscoll had been the bosom friend of Sarsfield, who was godfather to Patrick, the present O'Driscoll. Sir Fergus accompanied the little party as long as his

protection was necessary, and then, with many professions of deep gratitude, Madame O'Driscoll and her sons took leave of their kind benefactor.

Sarsfield was deeply affected on seeing the widow and children of his late friend. He found his godson, Patrick, much matured and developed by the late sad events. Notwithstanding the present favourable turn in Irish affairs he considered it wise for the little family to go to France. On hearing this, Patrick exclaimed: "I wish I could stay and fight with you." Sarsfield said: "You must first be trained, my boy. De Boisseleau will give you a letter of introduction to the Commander of the Military School in which the sons of the French nobility are trained. Later on, I hope to find my godson and namesake fighting at my side. And what will Brian do?" he asked.

"I hope to become a priest and to keep the torch of faith lighting in my native land," modestly replied the youth.

"No higher ambition can be yours, my lad," replied the great General.

The MacMahon, The O'Brien, The O'Sullivan, and The O'Ferrall paid their respects to Madame O'Driscoll and to the young O'Driscoll.

He was a fine handsome boy, tall and well built: Brian was rather pale and slight, and with a far away dreamy expression.

A French frigate had been sighted in the offing; a hooker was at once despatched to the captain asking him to waive the ordinary objections to the presence of passengers in a man-of-war, and to give Madame O'Driscoll and her sons a passage in his ship. He consented.

In a few days Madame and her two sons sailed down the Shannon estuary and into the open sea.

And soon the coast of Eiré receded from the eyes of the lonely exiles.

END OF PART I.

(To be continued.)



Coir na Teine.

pádraig naomta as teamair na ríog.

Do éiríall pádraig agus Deimín ós agus a muinntir eile go Teamair, as gabáil amháin ar an ríge, amháin a reiríob pádraig féin. "Sciait pádraig" a tugtar air. Tánadar i bpoirgeadé naoi míle ó pálás an áir-Rí agus ríadadar san áit a tugtar Baile Sláinge air—nó Slane i mBearta. Oirde na Cárta a bí ann, agus do cuir pádraig an Teine Cárta ar laraó.

Connaic an t-áir-Rí an teine agus d'fearraigh sé ó D'raoi do bí 'n-aice cad a bí sa teine úd. Is eól d'áir go maic cad é an freagra a tug an D'raoi ar an ceirt. "Muna múctar an teine rin ánoct ní múctar go deo i, agus bearrad pí buaid ar nígéib agus ar uairtib éireann uile."

D'éirigh an rí de léim agus cuaid sé irteac 'n-a carbad go dtí an áit 'n-a raib an teine, agus laocra móra 'gá leanamaint. D'óruigh laogaire d'a laocra san don fáilte do cup roim na ríóirí agus san ríu éiríge 'na reasam ríompa. Áit nuair a táinig an Naom i látair táinig uirram cum sac choirde dó.

* * * * *

Tug laogaire ceo do labairt or comair feire Teamrac agus bí aighear fada roir pádraig agus na D'raoitib, agus bí an buaid as pádraig i gcomnuide. Do éirí cuio maic de muinntir laogaire an Soirgeal agus do bairtead iad, agus tug an t-áir-Rí ceo do pádraig an éiríeam do éraoib-ríad-eo ar fuo na héireann.

* * * * *

Ní beaó ríge annro cun a innrint go cruinn an uile fuo a deim pádraig Naomta i rí na h-áirípe do bí sé as obair i néirinn. Cuaid sé áill agus abur as teagars agus as bairtead na nraoine, gur beas áit san Oileán go léir nár cuarraig sé agus nár fás sé roir an éiríeam ann 'na diaid. Bí Deimín 'na teannta i gcomnuide agus ipé Deimín a deim an ceol do gléar in na tígéib pobail. Bí gur binn aise féin agus do gab sé na Saim go coitcianta agus mún sé an ceol do na deiríobalaib eile.

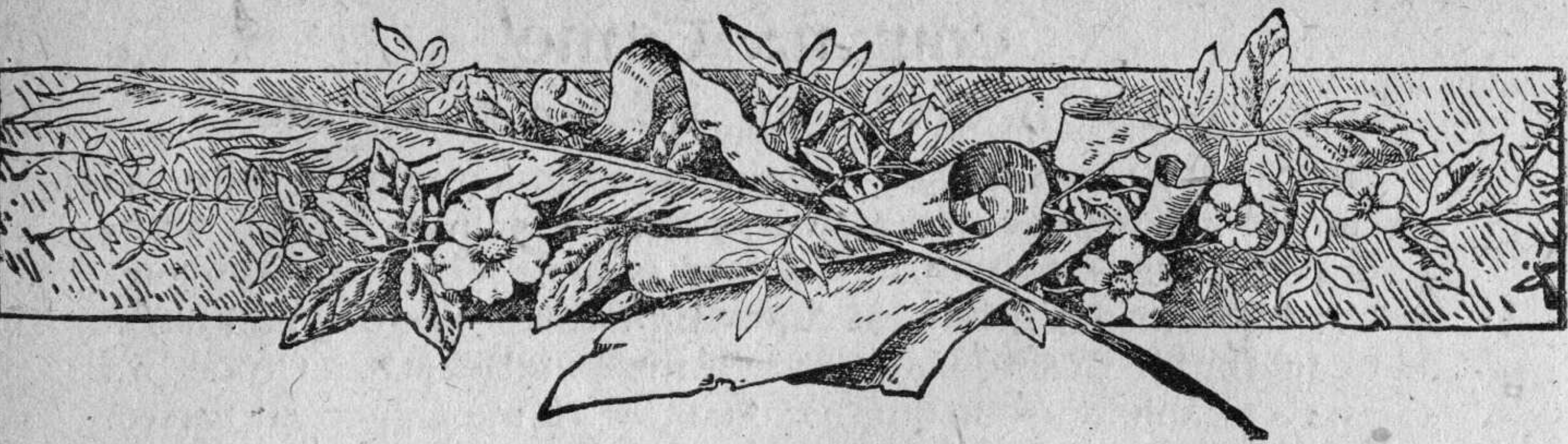
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Mar don leir an obair naomta uile, bí obair raogalta as pádraig uaireannta agus ip maic a deim sé an obair rin. Deim sé a díceall cun oligte maite d'fagail doir na raoinib agus ipé pádraig a cuir d'fíacail ar laogaire agus ar muinntir Teamrac Oligte na mbeiteamán do cup i n-eagar agus do ceartú, agus an méro díob ba páganac do baint arta. Do reiríobad Oligte na mbeiteamán ar an nua agus tugtar ar an reiríobinn rin "An Seandur Mór."

* * * * *

Cuir pádraig eaglaip ruar i náro Maca atá 'na príom-eaglaip ó roir. Lion sé éirí le tígéib pobail. Go lá a báir níor ríad sé ó'n obair agus i nbeirí a raogal bí na mílte Críoraigte i néirinn. Tug Dia do an doiríad a bí ar na raoinib do ríad-eo le roir an éiríeam agus an roir a lar pádraig i néirinn ní múctar go deo é, le congnam agus le beannact Dé.

Muiris na móra.



Literary Notes.

The Poems of John Francis MacEntee.*

WHAT is poetry? Poetry is a beauty expressed by means of sound, but not consisting of sound. We stand to this definition, arguing even that measure or quantity is no proper part of poetry, but is referred music. However great the acoustic charm therefore possessed by measured words, the canonical sanctions can not be finally conceded until it be ascertained that ideal beauty is also a concomitant. And eminent indeed is he and a true lineal descendant of the Muse of whom it can be said that when the enhancement of quantified sound is withdrawn, the beauty still stands forth conspicuous. To compel submission to this theory we do but bid our opponents to cadence their rhymes. Is not this the Gregorian psalter and music in her elements?

And now to discuss John MacEntee and his poems. Let us not be over-exacting. There are many sorts of singing birds besides the Lark and Nightingale. The note of the Dircean Swan also is not to be exclusively sought after. There are great epochs in song but it were vain and a foppery to pedantry to seek on every bough a king minstrel. We must be glad if in a recess from the wind and in an interval between the clouds we hear a less enchanting songster.

Mr. MacEntee's verse appeals for that which great and lowly alike require of all men, that is to say:—Justice. At the same time we gather that these poems, sweet and pleasant as they are, are not of those who envisage great subjects?

"Secus in Jugis
exsomnia stupet Euias,
Hibum prospiciens et nive candidam
Thracen, ac pede barbaro
lustratam Rhodopen."

But we must not be exigent. It is enough that J. F. MacEntee pleases with a flash and a sparkle. If his themes are not historic or classic, if his canvases are small, what would you? Hoarse Codrus should cure us of the epic proclive. A joyful pleasant soul is John Francis MacEntee.

We find the poet is convinced of his own comparative valeur when he himself declares, speaking of his poems:—"Poor things that soon will pass away and die.

"Preaching no moral or philosophy,
Not the proud bays a lofty poet wears
Whose ears had caught the Angels' vesper prayer,
The simulation of a noble sound,
Are these my songs, just a faint tinkling bell
A moment breaking silence and then drowned
In the great quiet of Eternity."

This is extremely graceful and lacks but the subject to dignify the ornament; for both subject and ornament must range together to attain greatness.

In his address to Ireland, our poet grandly declares he "holds oblivion greater than renown."

Sound as are his sonnets, there is always the gravamen that Shakespeare and Milton have, whatever the critics allege to the contrary, appropriated that which Wordsworth had not been predestined to in that fair unfrequented valley.

Speaking of Mr. MacEntee's book as a whole, it is unfortunate that any stanza should be found therein to end with such a word as "lunency," as on page 28. And on the next page, what is the meaning of "Whose finger holds the nations in its fold"? In accepted terms of reference fingers do not possess "folds"! Defects like these arise from carelessness, are least excusable and deter forgiveness upon the part of the reader who has been disappointed at not finding the pleasure he has been taught to look for. But is not this inspiring:—

"Give wives to fools and gold to knaves
And rank to the servile knee—
But the wind and the rain and the open road
And the freedom of God for me."

Bravo—"The Vagabond"! etc. And again:—

"There's a little wayside station hard by a riverside
Where the peasant folk in passage from garth to hamlet pray,
With the simple faith that conquers, to the gentle Crucified
That His peace and love may lighten their travelladen day."

And again we enjoy in Fand's farewell to Emer:—

"Thus would the grave divide us far apart,
And the drear barrier of the dead brown clay,
Looming morosely, fling its shade athwart
The splendour and the brightness of our day."

A shade more care and "Alys de St. Stephanie" had come into her own, but alas! favete linguis! the omens forbid a snake to "rear" and "prance" auspiciously. It is a pity to be betrayed into a snare of facile ineptitude as obvious as any that is set in the sight of any bird. For perfect prettiness of conceit we refer you to:—

"I made my love a little secret house."

We refrain from quoting lines lest we should institute invidious comparisons between equal charms. It is indeed winning and winningly wrought. We would have preferred "had died" to conclude this charming trifle as somehow a word more canorous. In Mr. MacEntee's last verse is a note of unnecessary and superfluous regret. Instead of repining let him arise and do, because it is in him to perform.

P. F. LITTLE.

(Several Reviews are unavoidably held over.)

*"The Poems of John Francis MacEntee." The Talbot Press.
2s. 6d. net.

Hills of Dublin.*

By AN PHILIBIN.

PERHAPS one of the most heartening, as it is one of the most impressive, signs of the times to be observed in the Ireland of to-day is the outburst of song that has marked the last few years. Dark years they have been, when wise men saw nothing to hope but in a compromise with darkness. We who had started our history as an island of saints seemed in danger of drifting into a mob of materialists. But, like an instinctive protest against the dreary hooting of the birds of night came in the songs of our poets a sudden and almost startling salutation of the dawn. And the most arresting thing about their verse is that while not patriotic in the vulgar sense, it draws its inspiration almost wholly from the great days of Ireland's past. Notable in this respect, though not in this alone, is the volume that now lies before us—"Hills of Dublin," by An Philibin (a pseudonym not unfamiliar to readers of "The Cross"). To open the book is to be wafted back to the old heroic days, the days of Finn and the Fianna, of Tristram and Iseult, of the Northmen and the coming of Patrick. With a subtle artistry which knows nothing of artificiality or straining after effect, the poet lays his reader under a spell the power of which will be felt long after the book has been read. Sincerity and simplicity, with a keen sense of place, are the dominant notes of his work, and having said so much it is needless to add that there is nothing in it of that pseudo-mystic, "neo-Celtic" note—ridiculed by Mr. J. C. Squire and others—which has spoiled so much of Irish literature in the recent past. The poems were assuredly not written by candle-light behind heavily-curtained windows in some city square. There is too alert a sense of the changing beauty of our Irish earth and sky and sea, caught in its passing and set down in many a vivid and flashing phrase in these pages to admit of that possibility. From the noble opening poem on "Dublin" to the last few poignant lines on "The Starlings," there is scarcely a page that does not reveal that keen sense of the beautiful which is the most precious part of a poet's heritage. A ramble over Ben Edar or the hills above Dublin in the opening spring with this little volume as companion would be something to remember.

The book is daintily produced by that most progressive of Dublin publishing houses, the Talbot Press.



* Dublin: The Talbot Press. Price one shilling.



A Literary Circle for Young Readers of
'The Cross.'

Conducted by FRANCIS.

RULES OF THE GUILD.

- I. The Guild of Blessed Gabriel is a literary circle open to boys and girls under 18 years of age.
- II. The members will be expected to spread devotion to Blessed Gabriel of Our Lady of Sorrows, by practising the virtues of purity, charity, and truth, and by living lives worthy of him who is to be their model and their guide.
- III. They will at all times observe the conditions under which the competitions will be held.
- IV. They will endeavour to bring as many new members as they can into the Guild of Blessed Gabriel.

THE coming of the month of St. Patrick reminds us of the big debt of gratitude we owe to God for the great gift of Faith which He bestowed upon our race through the hands of our glorious Apostle. Never had we greater reason to be grateful for that priceless gift than to-day, when we see the nations (that have so far failed to listen to the appeal for peace from the Vicar of Christ) scourged by the horrors of war.

And so, while we pity the suffering nations, we should also humbly and fervently send every day to God a prayer of thanks for the coming of St. Patrick and for the precious gift of Faith he brought us in the long ago. And with that prayer of thanks there should

go forth also on the wings of prayer an appeal for grace and strength to hold that Faith and hand it on undimmed and unsullied, no matter what trials or crosses may come in the future. During this month pray constantly to St. Patrick for the land he served so faithfully and led so fearlessly from the darkness of Paganism into the undying light of the one true Faith.

"Here I am back from Tir na nOg and the company of the elves; here I am in a world that has thrown off its sere clothes and is awakening to the full glory of the spring-time—to the twittering of nestlings in wee downy nests, the hymn of the skylark and the chorus of blackbirds, to the beauty of wild flowers gladdening under the caressing ray of God's eternal sunshine." So writes **Lilian M. Nally**, and not content with sending me that musical poem in prose, she also gladdens my heart with a song on

SPRING.

Lady Spring, so shy and sweet,
This morning a queen is crowned,
All the birds a-carolling are
While she in green is gowned.

Stealeth she thro' all the land,
Waving her wand of gold;
Lo! the laughing flowers respond,
Starring each vale and wold.

Pale daffodils come gliding in,
Snow drops nod to the breeze;
There are primroses in sheltered nooks
And blossoms on the trees.

Crocus cups and violets blue,
Narcissi tall and white;
Little nestlings chirping,
Are springtime's sure delight.

Spring is here in Ireland,
In field and hedge and tree;
All hail to Him who sent her
And who soon shall set us free!

LILIAN MARY NALLY.

I think we're all glad now that Lilian didn't make up her mind to abide for ever in Fairyland.

A very big delivery of delightful letters this month again from new and old members and from admirers of the Guild

MY POST BAG. who are not members at all. Of the latter is **Miss Brigid Cafferkey**, of Ballina, for whose generous praise I am deeply grateful. I wish I could afford to quote her long letter in full, it is so excellently written and is so brimful of appreciation. Perhaps the members will not grudge some of the space that would otherwise be devoted to their own letters for the publication of this heartening message from one whom we hereby elect an honorary member of the Guild.—"I first became acquainted with the splendid magazine, 'The Cross,' through your old friend, Rita Carlos. Of course, Rita was loud in her praise for the whole of its contents, but I think she would not blame me for saying that the Guild had won more

than half her heart. She wished me to become a member, but, unhappily, I was just over age, and so had to be content with watching intently the literary doings of your flock, and rejoicing in the knowledge that, every month, that same flock is becoming more and more numerous. I'm half afraid I would displease your poet-laureate, Lilian Nally, were I to say all the nice things I think about her, for praise is usually disliked by those who deserve it most. But I will venture to say this much, that her poems are a great source of pleasure to me, and that they should entice many young Irish children to join at once the Guild of which the gifted poetess is an honoured member. The poems contributed by Miss B. M. O'Neill are truly beautiful, and deserving of the high praise bestowed on them by readers of 'The Cross.' I fear, dear Francis, that I would trespass too much on your valued time were I to praise your essayists individually. Certainly you must feel quite proud of them, you who guide the destinies of their literary efforts! The prize letter is always a treat, for it means the rewarded effort of a clever Irish child, who is doing his or her best to bring more honour and glory to the land of saints and scholars. I'm sure many of the members of your Guild will shed the lustre of their wit and wisdom on the pages of 'St. Enda's,' the new children's paper. I have written to welcome it, and I feel confident that my good wishes will be echoed by the many who recognise in it a true blessing to Ireland's young. I earnestly hope and pray, dear Francis, that the excellent help you are giving to Irish children to remember these important facts—that they have a country to toil for, a national language to foster, a holy religion to practice—will not prove useless. May the children who to-day, are gathered together in your Guild, prove, as men and women, that they have been true to the teachings of Francis.

'For, freedom comes from God's right hand,
And needs a godly train,
And righteous men will make our land
A nation once again.'

Need I say on behalf of every member that we are grateful beyond all telling for such praise? My Drogheda friends have turned up in great force this month, but I regret to see in their clever letters dire and sinister threats which I trust will not be carried out. If they were to leave our entente I'd have nobody to growl at and nobody to scold me. Just at this moment a letter reaches me from **Ada O'Neill** and it sets my mind at rest. Drogheda may threaten and fight with Francis, she says, but it will never desert him or feel happy away from the Guild. Bravo, Ada! The girls of Drogheda made a wise choice when they chose you as their leader. **Maureen Dwyer** hopes to see Francis in Drogheda this year; perhaps her hope is not a vain one. **Josie McQuillan** tells me that the Drogheda girls are going to write for "The Far East," the beautiful monthly magazine of the Maynooth Mission to China, and wants to know if I'm jealous. Not the least little bit jealous of "The Far East" or of "St. Enda's," or any other clean, Irish and Catholic publication that may be put upon the market. We need them all, and there is room for them all. Each one of them means another ally in the fight against bad imported literature. Another Drogheda member, **Nora C. McQuillan**, returns thanks for prize received. Four new members from the Convent Schools, Kinvara, County Galway, have joined our ranks; they are **Eibhlín Ní Chonnalaigh**, **Aine**

Ni Uaithne, Sighle Ni Uaithne and Ellis Carlus, and I extend to them and to their companions a hearty welcome. Two new Dublin members are **Nora Monaghan** and **Annie Gordon**, both of whom are heartily welcome. I was delighted to hear from **Maura Wheeler** after her long illness, and to learn that she was feeling as well as ever. **Rita Carlos** is delighted with her prize volume and has read it from cover to cover. If Rita addresses a letter to "Muiris na Mona," c/o the Editor of "The Cross," it will be given to him without fail. My two good friends in Howth—**Ellis Ni Mhaioileoin** and **Annie Boyle**—have both written very nice letters this month. A new member from Co. Kildare is **Eileen Teresa Keatley**, E. de M., and it is with the greatest pleasure I welcome her into the Guild. Thanks to **Bridie Redmond** for her interesting letter, which pleased me very much. I am glad that our ever-faithful honorary member, **Miss B. M. O'Neill**, never forgets to send a message to the Guild. She will be pleased to hear that her sweet poem in last month's Guild has been mentioned by several members in terms of the highest praise. I was glad to hear from my friend, **Mollie Sinnott**, this month, and trust she will write to me often. **Maggie Dowling** writes to return thanks for her prize and to say that the essay on St. Brigid by Rita Carlos was appreciated very highly in the Brigidine Convent School, Mountrath. The information asked for by **Maire Clarke** as to the best way of securing a copy of "The Cross" in time every month will be found at the head of the first page of reading matter. The Irish form of her name is Maire Ni Cleirigh. The following new members have been enrolled by **Thomas J. Brangan**, K.B.S., of Swords, Co. Dublin:—**Brendan J. Brangan**, K.B.S.; **Eileen Brangan**, **Dermot Brangan**, **Sophie Healy**, **Marcella Kelly**, **Marion Healy**, **Teresa Hunt**, **William Scully**, **Ivy Taylor**, **Maggie Taylor**, and **Katie Kelly**. They are all as welcome as the flowers of May. The Blessed Gabriel Badges are unobtainable at present, but we hope to have them before very long.

(1.) All newcomers will please write a personal note to Francis, apart from their competition papers, asking to be **IMPORTANT.** admitted to membership of the Guild. (2) Always put your name and address on your Competition Paper, whether you send a letter or not. (3.) **Orders for copies of "The Cross" and all business letters should be addressed to The Manager.**

1. The prize for the best essay on "Two Great Saints of March" is awarded to **Ada O'Neill**, Presentation Convent, Drogheda. Very well-written essays were received from **Ellis Ni Riain**, **Angela Toner**, **Kitty Boylan**, **Rita Nic Alasdair**, **Maggie Bowden**, **Millie Byrne**, **Aine Ni Uaithne**, **Sighle Ni Uaithne**, **Ellis Carlus**, **Mary J. McGowan**, **Eileen T. Keatley**, **Nora Monaghan**, **Mary J. McCall**, **Maureen McNally**, **Nora Corry**, and **Eibhlin Ni Chonnalaigh**.

Why was it that not one of the competitors mentioned St. Enda of Aran, the teacher of some of the greatest of the Irish Saints?

2. The prize for the best Legend of St. Patrick is awarded to **Margaret Byrne**, Our Lady's Mount Convent School, Harold's Cross, Dublin. All the legends were nicely written.

APRIL COMPETITIONS.

I.—For Members over 12 and under 18 years of age.

A handsome book prize will be given for the best Letter of Farewell to a Member leaving the Guild.

II.—For Members under 12 years of age.

A handsome book prize will be given for the best little letter on "Why I Like the Guild of Blessed Gabriel."

Competitors will please remember the following rules:—All competition papers must be certified by some responsible person as being the **unaided** work of the competitors. They must have attached to them the coupon which will be found in this issue (one coupon will be sufficient for all the members of a family), and must be written on one side only of the paper. They must be sent so as to reach the office not later than by the **first post on March 12th**. All letters to be addressed:—**FRANCIS, c/o "The Cross," St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.**

Owing to pressure on space we were unable to find room for Prize Essay this month.



Passionist Chronicle.

Passionist Missions and Retreats.

The Passionist Fathers will give missions or retreats at the following places:—St. Laurence O'Toole's, Dublin; St. Paul's, St. Mary's and Holy Cross, Belfast; City Quay, Dublin; Mount Argus, Dublin; Sacred Heart and Edge Hill, Liverpool; Ashington, Northumberland; Herne Bay, Kent; Notting Hill, London; Sacred Heart and St. Patrick's, Barrow-in-Furness; Foxford; St. Mungo's, Glasgow; St. Mary's, Belfast.

Rome.—Basilica of SS. John and Paul.—Very Rev. Father Hilary, C.P., General Consultor, will preach a course of sermons on each Sunday afternoon during Lent in the Church of San Silvestro in Capite, Rome.

On Sunday, 10th February, nine Passionist students were ordained priests in the Chapel of St. Paul of the Cross (Basilica of SS. John and Paul) by the Passionist Archbishop of Camerino.

Highgate.—St. Joseph's.—The celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Brother Edward will be celebrated in St. Joseph's on the feast of St. Joseph. For fifty years this zealous and devoted religious has laboured in the interests of the Congregation of the Passion and, notwithstanding advancing years, is still strong and active. We offer him our congratulations on the happy occasion of his Jubilee, express our gratitude for his services to our magazine, and his numerous friends will rejoice with his brethren on 19th March, and pray that he may be long spared to the Order to which he has devoted his life-work, and which he has served so well.

Very Rev. Father Malachy, C.P., Rector, and Rev. Father Xavier, C.P., gave a mission recently in the Capuchin Church, Erith.

Rev. Father Norbert, C.P., is preaching a course of Lenten lectures at the Salesian Church, Wandsworth Common.

Rev. Father Charles, C.P., and Mr. Segrue have been very successful in organising socials and concerts on behalf of the church debt fund, and the people of Highgate, to whom we are deeply grateful, have supported their efforts in a generous and practical manner. This year

there is the prospect of a substantial lessening of this debt.

Glasgow.—St. Mungo's.—Lenten lectures will be given in St. Mungo's by Rev. Father Marcellus, C.P., the subject of which will be "The Incarnate God," and will be treated under the following headings:—February 17th, "In Promise"; Feb. 24th, "In Prophecy"; March 3rd, "In Person"; March 10th, "In Proof."

Rev. Father Germain, C.P., Director, presided at a successful social of the Children of Mary and congratulated the members on the flourishing state of the Sodality.

Belfast.—Holy Cross.—Rev. Father Ignatius, C.P., recently conducted a retreat for the members of the Confraternity of the Cross and Passion. There was a splendid attendance, and the General Communion was one of the largest ever seen in Ardoyne Church. The Confraternity has made great progress under the direction of Rev. Father Herbert, C.P. The new medal, which will be worn at meetings in future, is much appreciated. In the centre is the sign of the Passion, surrounded by the inscription: "We Preach Christ Crucified."

Mount Argus.—St. Paul's.—A ceilidh for the children attending the Irish classes was held in St. Paul's Hall on Monday, the 11th inst. It was attended by considerably over a hundred children who thoroughly enjoyed themselves with song and dance all in the traditional Irish style. One of the features of the evening was the production of a small playlet in the Irish language in which some of the most promising Irish speakers among the children took part. Several of the children also contributed songs and other items in Irish and assisted in playing children's games, in which the native language was a feature. The progress of all the children in speaking the language and in dancing the graceful and beautiful traditional dances is a marked tribute to the ability and earnestness of their teachers, and furnishes the best means, and, indeed, as some think, the only effective human means, of undoing

the damage that has been wrought in a variety of directions, and not least in the sphere of religion and morals by baneful foreign influence, coming from whatever source. Tea was served during the evening by a number of kind and willing helpers who contributed largely by their efforts to making the ceilidh one of the most successful in the children's experience.

To provide funds for repairing and renovating the organ at Mount Argus, a very successful concert was given at the Mansion House on 30th January. We feel grateful to the talented artistes who so kindly gave their services for the occasion, including—Miss Lena Munro, Miss Terry O'Connor, Miss Kathleen O'Neill, Mr. A. Irvine Lynch, Mr. Gerrard Crofts, and Mr. Denis Nugent. Miss Gertrude Cuolahan presided at the piano and proved herself an accomplished accompanist.

On behalf of St. Clare's Orphanage, Harold's Cross, a charity sermon was preached in the Church of Our Lady of Refuge, Rathmines, by

Rev. Father Ignatius, C.P., on February 17th.

Very Rev. Father William, C.P., and Rev. Father Joseph, C.P., will open a fortnight's mission at Mount Argus on March 10th.

Very Rev. Father Francis, C.P., and Rev. Father Stanislaus, C.P., will conduct a mission in St. Paul's, Belfast, from 3rd to 17th March.

Harborne.—St. Mary's.—A well-attended and most enjoyable social of the Catholics of Harborne took place in Moor Pool Hall on 11th February. The following artistes contributed towards the success of the concert:—Miss W. Pilley, Master Stephen Lynch, Miss Rosina Lynch, Mr. Len Keppel, Mr. Reeve, Mr. B. Grafton.

On Sunday, 17th March, feast of St. Patrick, the panegyric of the saint will be preached at Mount Argus, in Gaelic, at the 12 o'clock mass by Rev. Father Kiernan, C.P., and all the prayers of the day, outside the liturgy, will be recited in the native tongue.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS AND NOTICES.

We have received 2/- from K. O'L. (Dublin) towards the expenses of the Canonization of Blessed Gabriel and the cause of Gemma Galgani, in thanksgiving for favours received through their intercession. A Dublin Client sends 5/- for the same purpose.

The above donations, for which we are sincerely grateful, will be forwarded to the Postulators at Rome.

Those who are desirous of becoming promoters of "The Cross" are requested to write to The Manager, St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers to "The Cross" who have not already sent their subscriptions for 1918 are requested to forward them as soon as possible to The Manager, St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin.



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Dr. Balance Sheet, 31st December, 1917. Cr.

LIABILITIES.	£	s.	d.	ASSETS.	£	s.	d.
To Capital, viz.:—100,000 Shares of £20 each,—£2,000,000; amount paid up, £5 per Share	500,000	0	0	By Cash in hand and with Bankers	2,117,868	0	4
„ Reserve Fund	125,000	0	0	„ Treasury Bills ..	1,000,000	0	0
„ Investment Reserve	10,000	0	0	„ Investments, viz.:—			
„ Deposit, Current, and other Cre- dit Accounts, including In- terest due on Deposits	6,859,946	3	6	£325,000 5 per cent. War Stock (1929-1947)			
„ Sundry Agents	15,350	14	11	£250,000 3½ per cent. War Stock (1925-1928)			
„ Officers' Superannuation Fund (of which £37,980 9s. 7d. is in- vested as per contra)	39,250	11	8	£25,000 Consols			
„ Rebate on Bills Discounted not at maturity	7,820	9	11	£75,000 Guaranteed 2½ per cent. Stock (Irish Land Act, 1903) ..			
„ Profit and Loss Account	£37,586	13	9	£150,000 India Three per cent. Stock			
Less: Placed to credit of Investments a/c. 10,000 0 0				£80,000 Dominion of Canada 3½ per cent. Stock (1930-1950)			
	27,586	13	9	£100,000 New South Wales 3½ per cent. Stock (1930-1950)			
				£100,000 New Zealand 3½ per cent. Stock (1940)	1,649,810	1	0
				£150,000 Canadian Northern On- tario Ry. Co. 3½ per cent. First Mortgage Debenture Stock, 1961 (Guaranteed by the Canadian Government)			
				£100,000 Grand Trunk Pacific Ry. Co. 3 per cent. First Mort- gage Sterling Bonds (Guaran- teed by the Canadian Go- vernment)			
				£36,978 Dublin Corporation Stock			
				£495,332 Sundry Debenture Stocks, etc.			
					4,767,678	1	0
				„ Investment, a/c Officers' Super- annuation Fund:—£40,000 5 per cent. War Stock (1929-1947)	37,980	9	7
				„ Bills Discounted	531,973	17	4
				„ Advances on Current Accounts, Loans, etc.	2,053,623	16	6
				„ Sundry Agents	52,568	11	11
				„ Bank Premises and Furniture (Head Offices and 51 Branches,) written down to	141,129	16	0
					£7,584,954	13	9

Nihil obstat:

MICHAEL HICKEY, S.T.D.. Imprimi Potest:

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